QUARINO'S LAMENT: A PLAY OF THE STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE IN 6 ACTS

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Preface

Quarino was an African carried across the Middle passage in the early 18th century and enslaved on the island of New Providence in the colony of the Bahamas. In 1734 he escaped from his bondage to the safety of the then inaccessible Blue Hills where he joined a Maroon community. It has been indicated that he traveled to a number of settlements on the island trying to recruit an army of liberation to stage a revolt and to bring an end to the institution of slavery in New Providence.[i] His plot involved taking over control of the island and killing all White males, beginning with the Governor.

Before the planned insurrection could come to fruition, Quarino was captured on approaching the town of Nassau, were he was apprehended but not before he killed a guard in the ensuing struggle. He was subjected to brutal torture and executed after he supposedly confessed and his alleged co-conspirators, who subjected to cruel torture, never confessed to anything other than general knowledge of the plot, were "probably deported". Shirley points out that, strikingly, even the execution of Quarino, is a "matter of supposition rather than record".[ii] As indicated by Craton and Saunders, although there is actually no record of what happened to Quarino "it is likely that he was executed".[iii] However, it has been contended that the historical records are "sketchy", leaving us to conjecture and as the saying goes "half the story has never been told". This confirms the reality that the tale of the collective oppression of the African people has always been told from the perspective of the oppressors, which masks the extreme brutality of imperialism in "full flight".[iv]

The context of this historic uprising is revealed by Craton, when he advises that slavery "distorts the personality and all human relationships", so that only in resistance can the "self be realized and dignity restored".[v]

A similar "*conspiracy*" took place in Antigua in 1736, organized by an African born slave and a creole. Their plan called for for "capturing the whole island and creating an African style kingdom. Their plan was betrayed, resulting in the execution 100 suspects and the deportation of another 47.[vi] It has been indicated that the use of the word "*conspiracy*" by Whites to refer to slaves secret plans to escape bondage through "flight or

revolt" shows that they did not accept the slaves right to "*resist enslavement*" and considered fuch attempts to be both "*unlawful and sinister*".[vii] In this regard, the common view of the White West Indian communities was that slaves were "*property*" and that "*coercion*" could be used at will, with their labour being at the "*complete disposal of a master",* with "*no right over their own sexuality*" or their own "*reproductive capacities*".[viii]

Further, as Fanon points out, that the slave or colonized subject, who in psychiatric terms was traumatised, but that these "constantly renewed aggressions" far from bringing them to submission, "thrust them into an unbearable contradiction" which the European will pay from sooner or later. He indicates that, in the beginning, the only violence is the "violence and brutality of the settler" but sooner or later, the "oppressed will make it his own" and looking into the "mirror of its own violence", European settler society is "confronted with a reflection of its own violence".[ix] The logic of Quarino's extreme plot to kill all White men in New Providence is clearly indicated by Fanon's conclusion that for the native, violence represents the "absolute line of action" and if the "settler's logic" leaves the native unshaken, it is because the latter has "practically stated the problem of liberation" in identical terms. Colonialism is "violence in its natural state" and will only yield when confronted with "greater violence".[x] This was reflected in Jamaica, during the era of slavery in British West Indian colonies, when the first Maroon War began in 1665 until 1740 and the first plantation revolt took place in 1673, when 200 slaves rose up, killing 14 Whites.[xi]

Despite the seminal importance of Quarino as a heroic figure in the annals of Bahamian history, little is known of him and what inspired him to rise up against the system of slavery which had relegated him to the status of chattel, less than human. This was the "first recorded insurrectionary plot" of the enslaved in the history of the Bahamas.[xii] Despite the seminal importance of this being one of the earliest uprisings of the enslaved in the Caribbean and the earliest in the Bahamas, very little has been written about Quarino or the revolt and he virtually appears as a footnote in Bahamian history. This demonstrates the assertion by Meyers that, although the study of colonial Bahamian slave resistance has advanced in recent decades, key episodes of insurrection have yet to be fully

explored.[xiii] He states that the degree to which scholars stress "confrontational resistance in Bahamian locations" has important implications for "contemporary political discourse".[xiv]

Quarino is an intriguing character and doubtless, the trauma of the middle passage and the culture shock of enslavement, inspired within his bosom was the driving force of his rebellious spirit and his revolutionary zeal to bring and end to the system of slavery in the Bahamas. The importance of this historical moment in time cannot be over emphasised and there is a critical need to celebrate this giant of a man, Quarino, who determined to forge freedom by any means necessary and was prepared to make the ultimate sacrifice.

In portraying Quarino, I have taken the official record with a grain of salt because of the indication that "caution must be exercised" with interpretation of court transcripts and newspaper commentaries that were "created by, and for, white colonial elites".[xv] In this regard, the "testimonies of Bahamian planters" were influenced by prevailing views about the "inferiority and natural moral turpitude" of people of African-descent.[xvi] Similarly, court secretaries who "shared the planters' worldview" filtered the testimonies of illiterate slaves.[xvii] The official version of Quarino's planned insurrection would clearly have downplayed events and in the absence of first hand accounts of the capture, torture and confession, I have not taken the official version of events at face value. I seriously doubt that he was actually apprehended by two men or that he made a confession under torture[xviii] because I feel this version of events is based on reports from the Governor and as we see shortly, his credibility was somewhat flawed, given his history in the colony of Virginia.

Richard Fitzwilliam was acting Governor of the Bahamas during the uprising and by all accounts was the primary target for the planned insurrection to liberate all the slaves on the island of New Providence and to kill all the White men on the island.[xix] He took office in 1734 succeeding Woodes Rogers, who died in Nassau in 1732.[xx] He was Irish, having been born to Thomas Fitzwilliam and Mary Luttrell Fitzwilliam of County Dublin in Ireland[xxi] and it has been indicated that very little is known about him including dates of his birth or death and whether he was married and had children.[xxii]

Fitzwilliam came to the Americas in 1715 as Comptroller of Customs in Currituck, North Carolina and subsequently, around 1717, he became Collector of Customs for the Lower District of James River. William Byrd, the senior Virginia Commissioner for a boundary survey to settle the colony's southern border, described Fitzwilliam as a “firebrand” who was a “mean spirited irascible person”.[xxiii] Some members of the House of Burgesses referred to him as a “person of a turbulent spirit unfit for society”. In a similar vein, Hayes indicates that he was “vain, self centred, inflexible and greedy”, often finding fault with others. His was highly controversial and it has been indicated that his “combative willfulness annoyed numerous influential Virginians”.[xxiv]

Early on, in 1718, Fitzwilliam became involved in a dispute over the seizure of a Jamaican schooner for “illegal trading” by a naval officer for the district, when he made a protest to the Governor and Council, averring that only he, as Collector of Customs, had the legal right to make seizures. However, the Council did not agree with his contention and declared that both he and the Naval Officer were vested with the authority to seize vessels.[xxv] Not being content, Fitzwilliam made another complaint alleging that the naval officer had “undervalued” a seized vessel and kept the “excess profit” for himself. This argument was rejected by the Council dismissing his claim. Subsequently, the Lieutenant Governor, Alexander Spotswood, informed the Commissioners of Customs in London, that Fitzwilliam was “guilty of malfeasance”.[xxvi] The Lieutenant Governor questioned Fitzwilliam's customs accounts and declared that his “favour of pirates”, including the notorious Blackbeard's quartermaster and a few others on New Providence, was contrary to his service "to his Majesty".[xxvii]

Despite this tumultuous relationship with officials and the political elite in Virginia, in 1725, Fitzwilliam was appointed as Surveyor General of Customs for the “Southern District of America”, which included all the colonies from Pennsylvania southwards as well as Jamaica and the Bahamas.[xxviii] It has been pointed out that he continued his pattern of conflict with local legislatures when, in 1727, the Pennsylvania legislature transferred “responsibility for trials” from the Colony's Supreme Court to lower courts, he made a complaint to the Board of Trade, referring to the local judges as “men of mean circumstances and as mean capacities”, who would “render decisions unfavourable” to the Crown”.[xxix]

Upon being appointed Surveyor General of Customs, Fitzwilliam "successfully petitioned" the Board of Trade to serve on the Councils of Virginia, South Carolina and Jamaica.[xxx] His patent greed is seen upon his appointment as one of the Commissioners to "survey and settle" the boundary between Virginia and North Carolina,[xxxi] when he offered to sell the Colony a tent for the expedition. Hayes asserts that this suggested that his interest was "more mercenary than altruistic".[xxxii] Hayes further contends that Fitzwilliam's investment in an iron foundry in 1728, "reflects a similar desire for personal profit", Without regard for "improving Virginia's infrastructure".[xxxiii]

It has been pointed out that, during the General Assembly session in June 1730, Fitzwilliam recorded objections to a resolution that authorized pay to burgesses, implying that it "awarded them more than they deserved". He was "severely censored" by the House of Burgesses for his conduct, with the Speaker of the House casting the "decisive vote" to kill a proposal that the burgesses "petition the King to remove Fitzwilliam from Council".[xxxiv] No doubt this influenced his decision to leave Virginia and to relinquish his post as Surveyor General of Customs, after defending himself before the Board of Customs.[xxxv] He was appointed as Governor of the Bahamas in 1733. He was constantly at "loggerheads" with the local White community and the "free coloureds".[xxxvi] This is evident in his comments that:

"I am really at a loss how to deal with them, for in my lifetime I never knew so lawless, so profligate and turbulent a people".[xxxvii]

It has been pointed out that his relations with the Assembly were "stormy", particularly over taxation, with very little positive legislation being enacted during his tenure and he suspended the legislature during his final year as Acting Governor.[xxxviii] However, the Quarino insurrection plot coincided with the first sitting of the legislature after his appointment and he used the fear generated by the plot to engineer the immediate passage of a "more severe slave act", which tightened supervision, placed restrictions on movements of the enslaved and imposed "savage punishments for disobedience, insolence or acts of violence".[xxxix] Fitzwilliam argued that this new law as "no more than was agreeable" than the laws of neighbouring colonies in the method of "trying and punishing these savages".[xl] Around the same time, he got the legislature to enact legislation which restricted the rights of "free

coloureds" and took away their right to vote and it wasn't until 1830 that free people of colour were able to regain the vote.[xli]

In this regard, it is important to consider the assertion that the regulation of slaves early on demonstrates the dynamic of "White bio-power in full throttle" and its control over the minds and bodies of its subjects and also the reduction of the "innate humanity of enslaved Africans" to one of "chattels and animals", who needed to be "regulated and controlled" to ensure their "orderly exploitation" for maximum profits by White slave holders with their "hierarchically structured White male view".[xlii] This confirms the essence of "White bio-power" fueling and oiling the "machinery of slavery, colonialism and the mercan'tile system", which was eventually to evolve into modern capitalism.[xliii]

The regime of Governor Fitzwilliam has been described as a "troubled" one and that "instead of new settlers and investment" he brought with him "fresh outbreaks of yellow fever" and that the effects of "poverty, sickness and the insensitive application of new socio-economic laws" were exacerbated by a governor who was "irascible, arbitrary and tactless".[xliv] It has been indicated that his "insensitivity and abrasive personality" contributed to the Quarino insurrection plot and a subsequent military mutiny. He was granted official leave of absence by the King in 1737,[xlv] continuing to receive his salary until the official end of his tenure in 1740.[xlvi] He died in 1744 in his native Ireland in the parish of Donnybrook in Dublin.[xlvii]

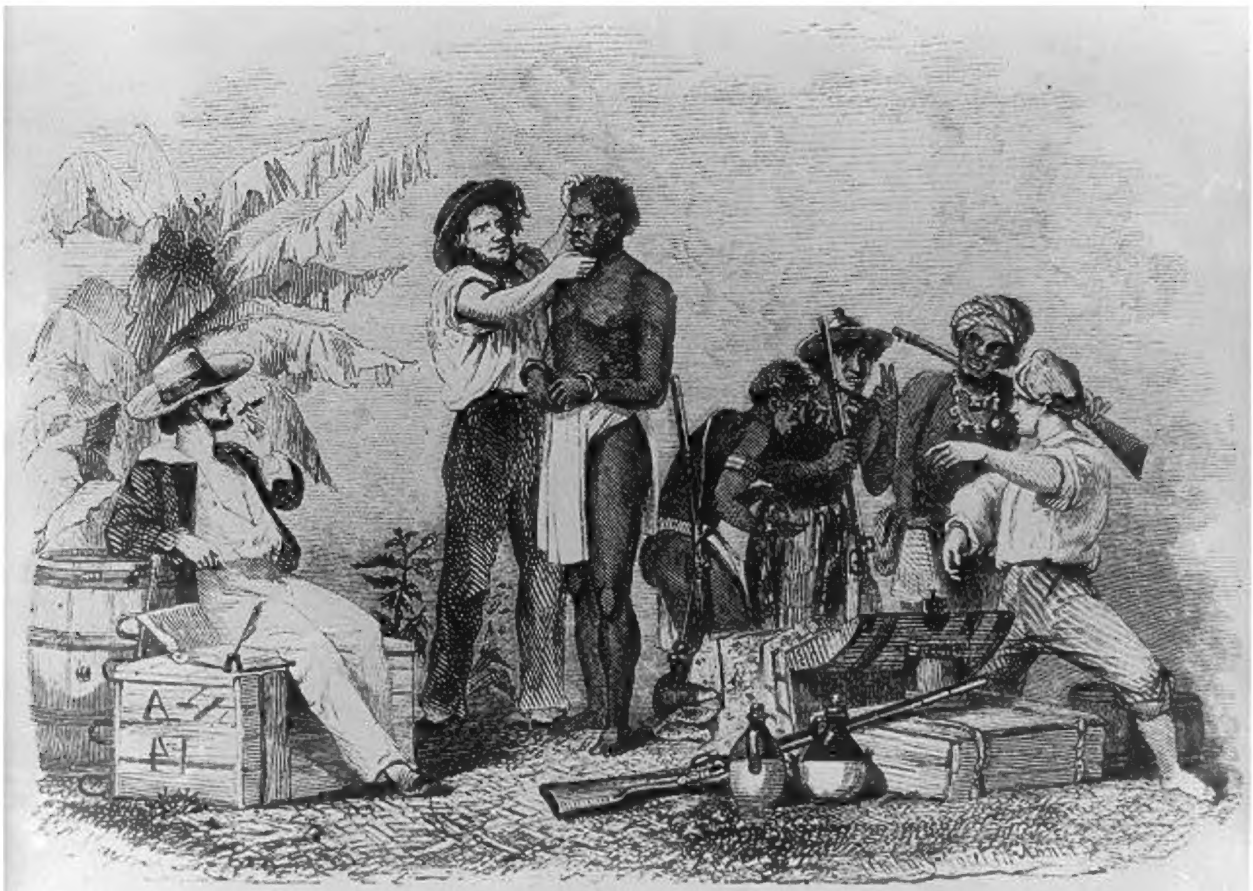
This is a work of historical fiction and In writing this play I was challenged because the two protagonists, Quarino and his mortal enemy, Governor Fitzwilliam are persons with little available background information to ground their characters in the play. Accordingly, I have had to utilize significant degree of literary licence in attempting to bring these characters to life. Other than Pompey, Toussaint and Queen Nanany, all the other characters in the play are fictional. I have assumed that official reports from the Bahamas attempted to downplay the severity of the plot and to discredit, as much as possible, the indomitable revolutionary spirit of Quarino and to essentially erase him from historical memory. I felt it important to write this play because as has been asserted, Bahamians would do well to "rediscover" elements of the kind of slave ideology that "contested inequality and subverted injustice".[xlviii]

In writing this play, it is my sincere wish that greater attention will be played to Quarino and that it will inspire a greater awareness of his heroism and sacrifice in the cause of liberation and freedom. He stands foremost in the pantheon of Bahamian national heroes and is deserving of being honoured as such.

PERSONAE

In order of appearance

Ras Bongo Natty; Prison Guard; Shango; Moshe; Quarino; Captain Massey; Howard Milner; Lady Haversham; Lord Smythe; Governor Fitzwilliam; Geoffrey Peters; Jacob; Michael; Samuel; Chike ; Mary; Louise; Jemima; Martha; Major Parks; Servant; Muta; Walker; Stillwell; Mason; Dixon; Aide de Camp; Priest; Pompey; Toussaint; Queen Nanny



INSPECTION AND SALE OF A NEGRO.

ACT I
SCENE 1
May 14 1990

The scene opens in a dimly lit prison cell on Death Row Fox Hell Prison. Tony (Exuma the Obeah Man) McKay's Pay Me What You Owe Me is playing in the background. The cell has a small cot and a slop bucket that serves as a toilet. On the bars of the cell, a bundle of dreadlocks have been tied with a bright red ribbon. Ras Bongo Natty, head cleanly shaven, sits in silence on the bunk in deep thought. Ras Bongo Natty (Mandingo Joseph Rolle) a Rastafarian who has been convicted for the murder of a police officer, is awaiting execution by hanging on may 15 1984. He is 25 years old and his long flowing dreadlocks have been cut as soon as he returned to the prison from the courts. The dreadlocks have been tied to the bars of his cell with a red ribbon by prison guards. A prison guard periodically passes by the cell of the condemned prisoner. Ras Bongo Natty sits on his cot in deep thought and the stinging words of the Judge plays over and over in his mind...

WORDS OF JUDGE: Hanged by the neck until you are dead!

RAS BONGO NATTY: Jah is my light and my salvation. Natty no fear but yea by the rivers of Babylon where I sat down and yeah I wept when I remembered Zion. How can I an I sing King Alpha's song in the strange land of sinking sand? No lie, no lie, better that I die a free man in my grave rather than living as a puppet or a slave.

Prison Guard: Dready you going get your wish when sun rise and when they tie dat rope round your neck, you will see death. A dead you going dead dread. So shut the fuck up and stop making all this commotion. They going pop your neck soon enough.

RAS BONGO NATTY: Fire bun. More fiyah pon ya blood clat. You are nothing but a lackey, serving Babylon Queendom. You are not a man. You hear what I Man say in this Iwah, not even the dog that piss on the wall of Babylon shall escape Jah judgement. Fire bun. More fiyah!

The prison guard visibly shaken moves away and mumbles…

PRISON GUARD: The man crazy...he crazy

RAS BONGO NATTY: More Fiyah! I man free and call for Jah fiyah pon your lousy ass. I am here in the bowels of Babylon doomed to be executed for crimes that I man have not committed. My only crime has been to chant down Babylon and to reject their false god and colonial mentalities.

Descended from the great Pompey, who on the island of Exuma claimed the land of his absentee slavemaster, Lord Rolle, as his own birthright, paid for with the blood sweat and tears of our people. Never yielding to lash or threat of death, I sing my song of freedom and though they come for me with the rising sun, I choose to live whatever life I have as a freeman and not a slave.

I will never submit to their evil intentions nor be seduced by their illusions and delusions and i will never surrender, never yield to the Whore of Babylon. the blood of Pompey flows through my veins and it burns with the flame of freedom.

In truth, great Pompey's firey spirit was emblazoned when he was a boy, inspired by whispered tales of a bold Afrikan warrior, whose heroic tale has never been told, because they wanted to erase him from our historical memory. Like him never exist. Born of noble afrikan birth and stolen away into captivity, the great Quarino, who in 1733 escaped the chains of his bondage on the island of New Providence, fled to the safety of the Blue Hills and lead resistance against slavery and colonial oppression. Betrayed by one he called a brother, who revealed his secrets to another, Quarino, facing his oppressors and his hangman, looking him squarely in the eye, said "You may kill this body, taking the breath from my life, but you will never kill the freedom that burns in this son of Afrika's soul". No they never wanted this great story to be told for fear that it would inspire others for actions so bold, but his glorious story of irie righteous revolutionary struggle must be told, and as I await my untimely execution, I will not dwell in the shadows of Babylon's gallows nor the dispensation of Queen Babylon injustice. But let me meditate now on that time long ago when his story on this island began. This is the story of a man.....

THE LIGHT FADES

SCENE 2

May 13th 1733

The hold of a slave vessel (The Aurora Gally) is crowded with a mass of humanity, chained and weak from the passage across the Atlantic Ocean and most of the enslaved africans are huddled in the dark, dank depression of their long voyage and the terrors of the Middle Passage.

In a corner sitting alert and apart from the others are three africans who are and unlike the other enslaved Africans who were purchased from the dungeons on the shores of the Gold Coast, were part of a transaction with pirate slavers off the coast of Cuba. These intrepid warriors had made an attempt to overcome the pirate slavers in a bid for freedom but were recaptured in a brief but fierce encounter, ultimately overpowered by the cannons and muskets of their oppressors.

One of these warriors, Quarino, sits upright, with his eyes glaring towards the small shaft of light which leaks into the confines of his captivity from the deck above. On his left side sits Shango and on his right is Moshe. They are naked except for loin cloths and their backs are scarred by the many whippings they had received throughout their voyage across the Middle Passage. However, the scarring on Quarino's back demonstrated that he had received the most frequent and brutal infliction of the punishments.

SHANGO: We stopped moving and those foul smelling devils been moving bout an stomping all morning above us. We need to strike when they open the hatch from dis hole, kill dem and run away from dis cursed hole. If me spend one more day in dis place me will surely die.

MOSHE: Yah man we fe kill dem all. Me belly kaan take no more an dis place stinker dan a mountain a shit an piss. Me prefer die fighting dese devils dan live one more day in dese chains roun me neck, me hands an me feet. Come brothers get ready to move.

Quarino remains silent his glare unbroken looking upwards at the thin shaft of light trickling down, his jaws clenched and his eyes red as hot burning coals

SHANGO: Yah Man me kaan take dis no more. I long for de green hills where we born and the wide open fields where we played as children and hunted as men. Come brothers we must strike now. Free is how we were born and free we must live or we die.

MOSHE: True saying brother. When that white devil comes down, i will lift my chain and crash it on his big white fat head. Den youall hold him while me kill him dead. Wa ya say Quarino?

Quarino remains silent and his gaze remains steadfastly fixed on that thin trickle of light

MOSHE: Quarino....Quarino....you no hear me man? Me serious. We fe kill dem now

Quarino's eyes remain transfixed on the light and he remains silent

SHANGO: Quarino.....Quarino....Quarino...we need you man. Say someting

MOSHE: Say someting man Quarino

Moshe shakes Quarino but his eyes remain on that small shaft of light. He remains silent and now Shango AND Moshe both lift their eyes towards the thin trickle of light. They ceased their war cry and now were captivated by Quarino and his unrelenting glare at that thin shaft of light. Trying to see what Quarino was seeing. But they remained puzzled as all they see is that small shaft of light. Quarino remains oblivious to their pleas as though he was in another place and time communicating with the spirits of his ancestors and the Supreme One who is lord of all and who holds the power of life and death. Shango and moshe glance at each other and remain silent but their eyes communicate their understanding that they can do nothing until Quarino gives the command and that nothing they could say or do would shake his resolve and the intensity of his gaze at that thin small shaft of light trickling into their dark, dank and stench filled hold. They lift their eyes slowly towards the light and now the three

intrepid captive warriors sit in silence, transfixed by that thin trickle of light.....

FADE

SCENE 3

The scene shifts to the deck of the Aurora Gally, which now is docked in the Port of Nassau in the colony of the Bahamas Islands. The crew is hard at work, fastidiously offloading a cargo of goods from England including sheep, and an array of items including cloth, foodstuffs, rum, perfumes and the fashionable trinkets which were highly popular amongst the migrants to the colony.

Ashore, a small but excited crowd begin to gather, with the gleam in their eyes betraying their delight at the bountiful cargo which is being offloaded before their eyes. As the bolts to the hold filled with human cargo are unsealed and the hold slowly opened, the gathering of colonial whites collectively focus their attention to the now raised hatch in anticipation of the most valued cargo, black gold, the flesh of captives which could be molded to their commands to serve and work relentlessly to produce wealth and status in this yellow fever infested island populated by swarms of mosquitoes.

CAPTAIN MASSEY: Hurry up you lazy seadogs, get on with it. I want this cargo offloaded in short order, especially these troublesome niggas. I want them off this ship especially that quiet one. I don't like the look of that one. And make sure you clean up all that sheep and slave shit in the hold. It stinks to high heaven down there.

Captain Massey is approached by the Governor's representative, Howard Milner, for the usual inspection for payment of duty to the Crown. As Captain Massey hands over his papers, he slips a parcel into the hands of the inspector, who wryly smiles.

CAPTAIN MASSEY: Come Howard old friend, let us share some of my fine port and a shot or 2 of my keg of Jamaica rum. We have a lot of catching up to do.

HOWARD MILNER: I can pause for a while but you know how the Governor is. He will want a speedy reckoning and account. He is increasingly agitated especially when he wants his money.

CAPTAIN MASSEY: We need to make sure he is content because our enterprise is extremely profitable and there is money in it for all, including

you and me old friend. Come raise a drink or two with me and let us get out of this crowd so we can better discuss profit for us all.

HOWARD MILNER: Allright old friend. A drink...or 2

Scene 2 of Act 1 fades out to the clamour and din of the white throng, which has now grown to a much larger and boisterous crowd. As the hold is now fully opened, one by one, the enslaved are slowly brought to the deck of the ship, covering their eyes from the bright sun lit sky.

ACT 2
SCENE 1

The scene opens at Vendue House the fabled rich and decadent slave marketplace of Nassau.

Quarino, Shango and Moshe stand on a platform above a growing throng of eager prospective purchasers and more than a few perverts who seem fixated on the barely clad and bewildered captives. At the front of the onlookers are Lord Smythe accompanied by a widow, Lady Haversham, whose late husband was a prominent plantation owner on the eastern end of the island.

Five feet away is the recently arrived Governor, Richard Fitzwilliam, surrounded by attendants and an entourage of friends, slaves and personal attendants. Also, there are quite a few persons seeking his audience for some official favour or dispensation.

There is an air of anticipation at the fresh supply of strong black bodies so essential for the survival of their colonial existence and to fuel the profits which had transformed the island into a prosperous outpost of the ever expanding British Empire.

Lady Haversham, whose estate on the eastern end of the island consisted of some 150 acres and was well stocked with slaves, seems fixated by the rich texture of Quarino's smooth ebony skin. Quarino stands defiantly and glares menacingly at the spectacle playing out in front of him. He is attracting the most attention, with men and women alike staring in shameless awe at the full length of his barely covered and extremely large member, glistening with oil. Lady Haversham's eyes danced with anticipation and her complexion changing from a pale milky white to red as the blood rushed from to her blushing cheeks.

Her companion Lord Smythe, has only recently come to the colony and has been Lady Haversham's constant companion since his arrival, captivated by her beauty and her wealth.

LADY HAVERSHAM: Oh my lord, isn't he a magnificent beast? So... So..I mean he is a magnificent creature and I want to have him.

LORD SMYTHE: Looks like trouble to me. Look how he stares at us. His eyes are like fire. Yes that one will take some breaking in. Got some scars on his back that one. They can't cover up that no matter how much they

pack on the show black and pour on that oil. I would leave that one alone. I see pure trouble.

You need slaves that you can control and who fear you. A liberal application of the lash at an early stage, absolute control, as you would a horse and constantly reminding these niggers that they are ours to do as we please, ensures good obedient slaves and keeps the rebellion away.

Now look over here at those not so bad specimens over there in the corner. They don't look at us and they are in mortal terror. Their souls are ours to do as we please and we can do what we will with them and they will serve us and fulfill our needs. For my money that batch over there is the one you want to be looking at.

Lady Haversham's gaze remains fixated on Quarino who glares with his emblazoned fire red eyes and seems as if he about to leap from the stage and grab her. She begins to fantasize, her eyes dancing in anticipation. Over in the circle surrounding Governor Fitzwilliam, the focus is likewise centered on the magnificent proud figure of Quarino who seems to tower with royal authority over the sizable group of enslaved africans. Governor Fitzwilliams' eyes are fixated at Quarino's sinnowey body and he likewise is fascinated at the defiant gaze and demeanour of quarino and the way he did not avert his gaze like the other slaves.

GOVERNOR FITZWILLIAM: Fine specimen. I would have him but he seems a bit wild wouldn't you say Peters?

Geoffrey Peters smiles and shakes his head in agreement. He moves to the edge of the stage and speaks aside

GEOFFREY PETERS: Like the Governor, I only recently come to this far flung outpost of our empire in search of wealth and fortune. I boarded with a cargo of 50 sheep and I made sure that I attached himself to the Royal Governor on that long and oftentimes arduous voyage across the ocean from the Port of Bristol. I even managed to sell this pompous old Irish fart 10 sheep for the not inconsiderable sum of thirty pounds. I am making sure

that I stick with him because since our arrival, almost everything has been disastrous, with an outbreak of the dreaded yellow fever and the constant bloody mosquitoes making my life a misery. To compound my misery, I had spent much of the meager fortune I brought with me and am still awaiting payment from the Governor for my sheep but this cheapskate has averted the subject every timeI have raised it, always seemingly preoccupied with affairs of state. Now this old Irish fart we have as a Governor is asking my opinion. I better get this right if I am to survive in this place where newcomers like me are always viewed with suspicion and an air of hostility. Here it is always who you know that matters and if I ever want to get ahead in this colony, now more than ever I need to ingratiate myself with this big shot, cheap as he is, on this mosquito infested hot island.

GOVERNOR FITZWILLIAM: What is that you say?

PETERS: Your Excellency, as always has an excellent eye for livestock, whether it is the finest race horse or well endowed darkey. He is indeed a magnificient specimen and I would venture that he could do the work of 10 of those other niggas. But you are right as usual...he seems as though he wants to leap off that stage and grab us by our throats. You will need to have that one broken in right away and make him fear you. You are the Royal Governor and he will soon learn who is in charge around here.

GOVERNOR FITZWILLIAM: Yes he is a magnificent beast and i would have him but still he has that look about him. Um....I wonder...maybe I will bid for him but I'm still not quite sure. He will not do as my manservant until he can be broken in. You know a good nigger is like a good horse, you have to break them in before they are any use.

PETERS: So right Your Excellency. Like I said, you have an excellent eye for magnificent beasts and when you break him in you will be able to ride him wherever you want and he will be eating carrots out of hand like an obedient animal.

GOVERNOR FITZWILLIAM: Lets hope that I will have the same effect on the uneducated, lawless, profligate and ill mannered people of this godforsaken impoverished colony. They disgust me with their lower class manners. Those free coloureds pretending to be white and the poor white trash pretending to be nobility. How I wish I could whip them into submission and mold them to my will. Yes...I could break that handsome darkey in just the same way as I will have my way with these ill mannered bastardized subjects of His Majesty.

These uncouth conch eating people of Nassau are base and criminal by nature. An island of brigands, whose piratical republican blood pumps throughout the archipelago, inspired by the rebellious spirit of Sayle and that dangerous breed that flowed out of Bermuda to Eleuthera and corrupted the Caribbean Sea that washes over these lands with the republican virus. Would that I could banish the entire island to the bottom of the vast ocean so that this blight may no longer spread its infectious tentacles throughout the realm.

This infestation has already in the past 15 years swelled the island with an alarming number of free niggas, who escaping their lawful bonds of slavery, swarmed to the siren call of the treasonous pirate republic of this god forsaken colony, have managed to feign human status and are daily mouthing dangerous ideas of equality and heaven forbid, representation in the already troublesome House of Assembly, which is filled with the most unsavoury lot, distinguished by their criminal and intemperate natures.

The Island swarms with runaway slaves who had sought safe refuge in the Blue Hills and the difficult swampy terrain of the interior of New Providence makes military incursion most difficult if not impossible. At this very moment this island is in danger of slave revolt. Already one third of the population are black slaves and another 5 percent free coloureds. These are indeed dangerous times. Every year revolts break out across the Caribbean and in Jamaica, that black witch Nanny and her band of Maroons threatens to bring our profitable enterprise in that island to an end. But I will break them here on this island. I will not have insurrection andI will not tolerate fanciful concepts of race equality with black and white. The niggas were made to serve us and by god they shall.

I will bring order to this colony and if needs be I will rule with an iron hand and bring order to this land and I will have my way.

PETERS: You are right Excellency but they have their Assembly and you are in a most difficult position of having to negotiate with them in your day to day administration. I do not envy you at all.

(Sensing that perhaps he has said too much he draws a deep breath)

..... but....than again my Lord, you are most astute and I am most certain that you will be able to negotiate these treacherous political seas of discord for the good of the realm. You have such fine judgement, as today

when you purchased those healthy and most fruitful sheep that I shipped out with this very vessel. I could see that you are a man of discernment and wisdom. Such fine animals they are, bred from the finest stock and you in your most wise discernment, you will most surely be a great Governor destined for great things.

GOVERNOR FITZWILLIAM: Yes you are right. I am shackled by the burden of colonial governance but greatly impeded by their corrupt and obstinate natures, and reduced in my ability to govern. His Majesty was ill advised to grant legislative authority to this disparate lot, who are in the main reprobates and rogues. spawned by the ill fated and terrible pirate republic of Hornigold, Jennings, Blackbeard, Vane and their ilk, these creatures of Nassau are still imbued with the thieving essence of their piratical roots, they remain base criminals and through their nefarious wrecking activities, threaten trade through the Bahamas and to disrupt colonial mercan'tile commerce.

Why even now, you can see them plotting to seize the princely Spanish Cargo recently sunk and by their misdeeds, bring greater confrontation with the Spanish Empire, risking their further military incursions into this colony.

PETERS: Princely indeed! The Spanish Treasure Fleet of at least 19 ships recently sunk was laden with the finest gold and silver...

GOVERNOR FITZWILLIAM: A veritable ocean floor strewn with the finest treasures of the americas. And now look at their greedy faces, licking their greedy lips they plot now to get their greedy hands on that treasure. And they plan to keep it all for themselves, greedy sods that they are. Ship wreckers and pirates that is their lot.

Look at their leader over there, that corrupted specimen John Colebrook, Speaker of the Assembly. What a unpleasant and nasty, mean spirited villain he is. He has made my life in this colony a veritable nightmare and has prevented me from the performance of my administrative duties by his obstructionist tactics and does every ting in his power to frustrate me, as he did Woodes Rodgers.

When Thompson acted as Governor a year ago, they together returned this colony to a state of criminality and made a mockery of Rodger's motto: "expulsis piratis. restituta commercia". Pirates expelled indeed!

How I loathe having to negotiate with them for every bit of governance that is necessary to secure this colony to inure for the benefit of His Majesty, King George II and his realm. If I but had my way, I would dispose of the nuisance of the assembly, lock up the rogues in the dungeons where they are best suited and return the so called free niggas to their rightful place in subservience, forever ending their dangerous notions of being equal with us and the dangerous threat that they pose, which if not nipped in the bud threatens to disrupt our essential mercan'tile trade which has fueled our imperial expansion and brought great prosperity to the realm.

PETERS: Dangerous notions indeed. Niggas are not even human by nature. They are livestock and being animals were made to serve us. How else can our colonial enterprise survive? But my Excellency, just as you have a most excellent fine eye for sheep, you know your niggas well and I am sure if you have your way with that defiant nigga over there he will be broken in no time, to do as you will. Yes he is a fine nigga indeed and good stud stock. look at the size of his manhood.

Governor Fitzwilliam smiles and seems to drift off into another time and place in his now fantasy filled mind.

GOVERNOR FITZWILLIAM: Yes, he is a fine specimen indeed. I think i will have a closer look, come Peters, let us inspect the merchandise because by jove I will have him. Yes I think I will have that fine looking darkey.

FADE

SCENE 2

Scene opens in a back alley with a group of 3 free coloured men, Jacob Brown, Michael Rolle and Samuel Cooper, huddled in deep animated conversation

JACOB: What a combruxion. Lord I never see nothing like it. All kinda confusion down by Vendue House.

MICHAEL: I thought I did see everything but, my lord, I never thought I would see anything like that. Whites running their asses all over the place like chicken when dey head cut off. That guy that come over with da governor, what he name again? Oh yeah, Peters. That one slap make him run straight into da water an he couldn't swim. If Samuel never save him he would a drown.

JACOB: Yeah you should a let his white ass drown. The way these pale faced demons treat us they all need to drown.

SAMUEL: Careful old friend. That kind of talk will only get you in trouble. You have your freedom, do you want to go back on the plantation or worse still go down to rake salt.

JACOB: What freedom? We still can't live as men, could vote if ya got land but can't sit in their House of Assembly and they treat us as dirt. I hate them and I say it again you should a let his lousy ass drown. He aint even give you a penny for saving his life. Broke arse white trash. I was glad when I see them as the bunch of cowards that they truly are. When that noble black african slap the white boy on his fat arse all hell break out. What his name is?

SAMUEL: Quarino. That one is a Coromantee. You know dey is some fierce warlike people.

MICHAEL: He never should have touch Quarino manhood. Why you think dat white boy hands so fast?

JACOB: He fast for true. Why he had to go touch Quarino prick? Feeling up man like animal. Aint nothing fast as Quarino hand though. Man he slap Peters like lightening. Knock him clean off his foot. He turn from white to

red and then black and blue. Couple more blow like dat an he would be black as you brother Samuel.

MICHAEL: Dat slap send Peters running straight off into da water and den everybody scatter and Quarino almost get away if his legs were not chained. Even then, it take 10 a dem big soldier to hold him down. But how they beat him. He mussie did take about thirty lash. Is something though hey? He aint even make a sound when dat whip was lashing him. Man the Governor was mad. he make them beat poor fella bad.

JACOB: Yeah he was mad but he was madder still when Lady Haversham outbid him for Quarino. They was going neck and neck like race horse wid de bidding. When she bid 50 pounds he bid 55, den she hit 60 while he shoot back 65. Back and forth they went like money can't done but wen she hit 100 pounds, the Governor suck his teeth and storm outta de auction. Man he was mad. Lady Haversham really did want that young buck. Why she spend so much for one slave wen she gat so many on her plantation?

MICHAEL: Man you know what she want him for. She does sleep wid nuff slave. She can't satisfy. That woman does have some orgies up there in the east they say.

JACOB: The Governor did want Quarino for the same thing hey? You see how he was looking at him?

MICHAEL: But aint none a dem going hold him. Quarino soon going be up in the Blue Hills with the rest of them runaways. Even Lady Haversham sweetness can't hold that one.

SAMUEL: He going bring trouble I can see it.

JACOB: We need some trouble round here to get these devils off our backs. How I long for the days of the old pirate republic of Nassau, when we were equal and had our vote. Hornigold and Jennings ran this town well and everyone prospered. Now we catching hell and gat no say and the whites spit on us and call us niggas if we fail to get out of their way when they passing in the streets. How I hate these hateful lot. I would sooner be rid of them all.

SAMUEL: Careful what you say. If they hear you talking like this you going to soon be in chains and dey will hang your ass til you dead. Shush man, say no more before you get us all in trouble. Don't let them hear you talking like dat. Come I gat things to do. I can't waste no more time with you all. I gone to see if I can get some work cleaning up round the dock.

JACOB: Yeah some a dem whites shit they self wen dey did see my boy Quarino slap the shit outta dat white boy. Heee hee hee. Man dat was funny. Wait Samuel me an Michael might as well come wid you. Should be nuff cleaning up work dere today. Hee hee hee

MICHAEL: Ha ha haa. Yeah dats true nuff shit to clean up on da dock. Wait on me I coming too.

FADE

SCENE 3

Scene opens at night in the thick bushes on the slopes of the Blue Hills. Quarino is laying on his back exhausted. An old man, Chike, kneeling beside him, is giving him a drink of water from a gourd.

CHIKE: Take it easy warrior. Sip slow an easy. Dem nah follow ya here; you can rest awhile and when ya catch yourself me goin take you up to the Top of this hill an ya going be safe. Here in these holy hills we are safe from da evil wazungos. Its da onliest place on this small island where ya can be safe from da chains and da whips. Dey mussie wan ya real bad cause dey follow ya wid dogs in a rush until ya fling yaself here in dis bush. Dem fraid fe come here so dem nebber gonna follow ya here. Not even dey dogs. Five years ago me find dis place and made me way a de hill top. Was only a few people dere den but ebbery day more a we people escaping captivity and finding deyself here. Yes sah dey mussie did want catch ya real bad cause if ya lissen ya can still here dem cussin cause ya did get away. Yep dey want catch ya real bad but dem not going follow ya here. No sah nebber.

Chike walks over to the edge of the stage and looks out into the distance. And chuckles

CHIKE: Lawd have mercy dey will nebber come up here. No sah, not in dese blessed hills. Dey stop right at da bottom a dis hill. Hee hee da fresh sweet air a freedom is something dey fears da most. Ya free here warrior dis is our land. Breathe dat fresh air in deep ma bredder breathe long an deep ya safe an free inna dese hills.

Chike walks over to Quarino who is now sitting up

CHIKE: Yes warrior dis is a land of freedom in a wasteland a oppression an bondage. Down below is nuff suffering an tribulation. Up here in dese hills we does be free an dis da only place on dis island where we be free from dese wazungos. Here we can leave we oppressors dem behind an nebber

have fe feel dem lash or be shackle in dey chains. Dis is what we does call Buluu Malima dat da wazungu does call Blue Hills.

Come now make we go to the very top where da air is free of da foul smell a we wazungo enemies an where da people does be free. Come warrior make we go now before da sun does set. Me know say ya mussie hungry an at da top ya can rest and eat some a da bounties a dis land and find a hut where ya can lay down ya head an get likkle rest. Come warrior come make we go to the sacred hilltop.

Quarino gets up and follows Chike up the slopes of the hill and halfway up he looks out at the plains below and breathes a sigh of relief, then he turns and follows old man Chike up to the top.

FADE

ACT 3
SCENE 1

Scene opens in the Saturday Nassau Marketplace, where black people bring their crops to sell from their farms on the other side of the hill that overlooked the town of Nassau. Here laid out in baskets all over the market are fruits, vegetables, fish and conch. Today the market is a buzz of activity, Mary. Louise AND Jemima are chatting with their baskets laid out in front of them. Mary has a pipe she puffs from as these three friends from over the hill where they were neighbours, sit and chit chat.

MARY: That man of mine tell me don't talk but you know aint no secret between us....

LOUISE: Well aint much secret about youll 2 in ya bed keeping everybody up wid dem sounds youall does be making through the night

JEMIMA: Das true gal, combruxion all da time. Mary sure keeping smile on dat man face.

The friends all start to chuckle

MARY: Man I serious. I know youall could keep secret so don't tell a soul wat I going tell youall, my man tell me that he hear some white man talking while dey was drinking rum under da cotton tree. Him say dat dey worried bad about how Quarino and his men dem raiding all dey plantations and burning pure fiyah inna da place. Dey say dat da Gobernor don know wa fe do. Dem say dat dey got fe ask da king ta send soldiers fe catch the man dem.

JEMIMA: Das true fe real me sistah. Me hear me mistress talking bout one raid out east where Quarino dem did burn down da big house an did free up all ah dey slaves and take dem wid him an did take a bunch of da crops an tings from da house before dey did burn it to da ground.

LOUISE: Dat Quarino is something else an he so big an strong no white man want be where he could catch dem. An ain't none a dem going up dere in da buluu malima to go look for him.

JEMIMA: Yeah nuff man an woman running away from dey massah dem up in dem hills. Ain no white man going in dem bush. Me hear da white people dem saying dat one old woman did put some obeah pon da bush an dat only death await any white man dat go up in dere. Even dey dogs don't wan go up dere in dem hills.

MARY: Shhhh talk little lower cause Miss Martha coming up to us an you know she does buy nuff tings. We can get some money from her today

Martha, a plump white woman, looks at the fish, meat, fruit and vegetables laid out in the baskets and carrying a basket approaches Mary, Louise and Jemima with a smile on her face

MARTHA: now girls I know youall going do right by me today. I want put a smile on my husband face tonight. I going to cook him one meal to sweeten him up, give him one little rum and let him have his wicked way with me tonight.

LOUISE: Missie Martha we going fix ya up today for real. See I got one nice piece of grouper here an Louise got some nice onion an pepper, an Mary got some nice goat meat an some yam. You know we does look out for you. An cause you want ya man ready fa action I got one nice piece a dry conch here to keep dat man a yours frisky fa you.

Martha, and the three friends chuckle together and Mary has a mischevious smile on her face as she holds up bundles of bush in each of her hands

MARY: An Missie Martha I got some special bush fa him an some fe you ta make sure tings does go right. Dis one here is for him and dis one is fa ya.

MARTHA: Now Mary what these bushes going do for us?

MARY: Dis one here, dat is for him Missie Martha, going make sure ya man going perform fa ya. I does give it to my man all a da time. Dis one call stiff cock and it does do wat it name.

The three friends burst out with laughter as Martha, with her hand over her mouth, at first looks shocked and then after a few seconds joins in the loud laughter

MARTHA: Lord have mercy. Better give me two bunch of that one. An what may I ask is the name of that bush you got for me?

MARY: Well now Missie Martha dis one going make sure you get him under ya hands cause dis is what gonna keep him happy. Dis one call limber cunny.

Martha looks even more shocked but soon joins the three friends in even louder laughter

MARTHA: Well Mary better give me three bunches of that one because once i limber he will be stiff. He he hee.

They burst out into even louder laughter

MARTHA: I knew you girls was going fix me up. I going put one big smile on my man face tonight and make sure he buy me that nice dress and bonnet I have had my eyes on. I am going to keep that man busy all night long and make him come back for more.

JEMIMA: Wen ya get limber on him he going buy ya more dan dat missie martha. Next ting ya going be coming in one fancy horse an buggy to buy tings from us

MARTHA: He been so stressed recently. He been so worried about that bad niggah murderer they call Quarino. I hope they catch that man soon because he is going to burn us all out and make our slaves run away. Why he can't be like you girls. Youall are good nigrahs. No white man can sleep good until that evil man is dead.

MARY: I don't know how he get like dat Missie Martha. You know how much we love you all Missie Martha. What would we be widout you. You so good to us.

Mary, Louise AND Jemima shake their heads and murmur "bad man, bad man"

MARTHA: I know youall are good negrah girls. Youall take good care of me, now I going to boil down dis grouper wid some of that dry conch and roast that piece of goat meat and make some bush tea for him and a nex one for me so when I get limber I have him standing to attention.

They all burst out into deep laughter as Martha puts her goods into her basket and takes some coins out of her purse and giving some to each of the three vendors, and then rushes away from them

MARY: No matter how limber she get, her man going come back over da hill fe see little Miss Ruby who does live down da road from us. She drinking some of dat limber cunny long time an she does keep dat no good man stiff for sure.

The three friends burst out into raucus laughter as Louise almost falls out of her seat.

JEMIMA: I hope Quarino does sneak up on dem when dey in dey motion. Dat woman nasty. She only does talk to us wen she want our tings. Wen she wid her white friends she does pass ya straight by widout eben a good day or how ya do, an if ya say a word to her, she does want look at ya wid scorn like she wan hawk up spit on ya. I so glad Quarino and him man dem got dese white people so scared. Dey does treat us like dirt.

Mary and Louise shake their heads in agreement as they wait for another customer to buy their wares

FADE

SCENE 2

Scene opens with, Jacob Brown, Michael Rolle and Samuel Cooper, seated on the sand, fishing from the beach. Casting their fishing lines out to the sea. They have been fishing for hours but only have a few fish in a basket in front of them alongside a cask of rum they have been drinking from

JACOB: Yes me get a big one here. Yes sah dis one big fish.

Michael Rolle and Samuel Cooper encourage Jacob Brown as he draws in his line standing up now

MICHAEL: Yesss Jacob das one big fish. Haul it in ma boy

SAMUEL: Yas sah haul dat fish. Yuck up dat line

All of a sudden Jacob stops pulling in his line as the big fish gets away and his line goes limp. He then pulls in his line only to discover that the bait has been taken off his hook. He shrugs his shoulder and cuts another piece of the conch slop he has been using for bait. He throws out his line and sits back down on the beach pouring a drink of rum for himself and his two friends from the cask

MICHAEL: Dat suckah tief da bait and haul ass off a ya line. Dese fish too smart for us today

SAMUEL: Yeah dese fish yucking all da bait an we only get a few fish today. We better catch some soon or we aint gonna have more than one fish each to carry home tonight. We can't feed our family dem wid dat.

JACOB: Yeah man dese fish tricky for real. Dey just like Quarino. He does be comming to all da settlements on dis island when an how he please an no matter what da soldiers do dey can't lay a hand on the man. Den he does raid da plantations an take all da food dey got an before da militia dem does come he gone as quick as he come.

MICHAEL: Fo real bruddah Jacob dat man does strike like a lightening bolt, an when he does leave dem plantation he aint never empty handed. He is something else. Him no have no fear at all. He did come by me yesterday an did sit in my yard for da longest time. Him say dat we all should be free and dat de onlyiest way dat going happen is when we does kill up all of da wazungos dem an run dem off dis island....

SAMUEL: Yinna mussie crazy. Ya aint know who listening to yall. Da bush does hab ears an ya shouldn't be talking dat talk cause someone might hear dat foolishness yinna talking bout. Kill up all da white people? Yinna mussie crazy. An Michael ya got Quarino coming by you is real trouble if da militia dem was to find out. After dey finish torture ya, dey will hang yah foolish ass. Da slave massah dem are on da warpath. Ya have to be careful

MICHAEL: Samuel ya does love dese white man dem so much dat ya would die wid dem. Better don't let Quarino hear ya talking dat nonsense cause ya would not be long fa dis life. Ya better be careful cause ya got a point da bush does hab ears an Quarino could be right here listening to your lousy ass.

JACOB: Yeah Samuel ya does love dese wazungos more dan ya life. Quarino is right. As long as dese wazungos on this island we will never be free. Eben though we supposed to be free we still waiting fa real freedom. We can't speak the language of our fathers an we can't even worship as our ancestors used to. We all in bondage. Yas sah, long as ya black, slave or free, ya in bondage on dis island until da wazungos are driven from dis land an we can live free from all da tribulation da massah does put on us all.

MICHAEL

: Yah better be careful Samuel, Quarino might be in dose bushes behind ya and ya know he done promise ta kill all da wazungo and anybody who does love dem.

Samuel sucks his teeth but looks over his shoulder nervously towards the bushes, visibly shaken by the thought that Quarino could be lurking in the bushes listening to what he had to say

JACOB: Me no care what ya say Samuel, facts is facts. Quarino mussie hab some powerful obeah cause he does come an go as he please. I think he is da best ting dat happen to dis island in a long time. Da man is great

MICHAEL: For real Samuel Quarino is great. I love da man an I hope dem nebber catch him

SAMUEL: Man I think youall crazy. Better don't let da massah dem hear youall talking dat foolishness cause youall won't be long for dis life if dey does. Youall better try catch couple fish or we ain't going hab much fe eat tonight.

MICHAEL: Boy shut ya mouth an pour me another drink cause I going catch dat big one dat get away before I go home tonight.

Samuel pours another round of drinks and the three men look out into the blue sea each with anticipation on their faces, hoping that soon a fish will be caught on their lines

FADE

SCENE 3

The scene opens in the temporary spartan official residence of Governor Fitzwilliam, where he lives while his more stately official residence is being built on the hill overlooking the harbour, the Governor is in a meeting with the commander of his militia, Major Parks. The Governor, with a worried look on his face, listens intently to Major Parks who is briefing him about the exploits of Quarino.

MAJOR PARKS: Your Excellency we are trying our best but this Quarino and his band of savages are cunning and they are constantly ambushing my men and causing so much havoc to the plantations of this island. We can't be everywhere at once and never quite know where they will strike next. We are simply overwhelmed. I need more men Excellency. Daily his ranks are being increased with more and more runaway slaves and he becomes bolder. Our colony is at risk of being overrun. We are simply unable to confront these blasted brigands because they are protected by the Blue Hills. If we try to enter the thick bushes we are invariably ambushed and many of our men killed. They strike like lightening and disappear escaping into the bushes before we can respond. I need reinforcements Excellency.

GOVERNOR FITZWILLIAM: I can't understand why you cannot defeat this mottley band of runaway nigahs. They are savages and you represent the most powerful force in military history. His Britannic Majesty's forces have no equal in the world, yet you seem incapable of wiping out these savages and restoring commerce to this colony. You seem incapable of performing your duties with any semblance of competence whatsoever. This is not acceptable. Not acceptable at all.

MAJOR PARKS: But Excellency....

GOVERNOR FITZWILLIAM: enough. no more excuses. I want action. I want you to wipe out these niggahs. nothing else will do. do you hear me Parks? I want these savages wiped out. I want action do you understand?

MAJOR PARKS: Yes Excellency. your wish is my command.

Major Parks moves to the edge of the stage and speaks aside

MAJOR PARKS: This man is impossible. I better humour him because he is blinded to reality. What can I do? Quarino is a formidable foe and his campaign against us has demonstrated that he is indeed a military genius. I dare not tell fitzwilliam this. I better go along with him because this jackass has buried his head in the sand and will not listen to reason. How could such a pompous ass become elevated to such high office. He simply does not understand. Quarino has executed raids on 3 or 4 plantations at the same time. We just can't respond in time because we can't be everywhere at the same time. Our soldiers are discontent because they are poorly paid and living in terrible conditions. Just yesterday he had two of my troops running through the bush looking for his damned sheep. But I must go through the motions because he will ruin me if I tell him the truth. What a ball of confusion.

GOVERNOR FITZWILLIAM: Now Major what I want is for you to bring me this blasted Quarino and his men in chains. I want him brought to heel and broken. Do you understand?

MAJOR PARKS: Yes Excellency

A servant knocks on the door and enters the room

SERVANT: I beg your pardon excellency but Mr Peters has arrived and requests an audience with you.

GOVERNOR FITZWILLIAM: why won't this confounded Peters leave me alone. I am fed up with him. He is a nuisance. He keeps demanding payment for the sickly sheep I purchased from him. Half of these straggly animals have died. I won't pay him a farthing if he persists. He must wait or he can go to hell. Tell him I am presently engaged in affairs of state so I am unable to see him now. He will have to come back tomorrow or the day after and I may be able to see him then.

SERVANT: Yes Excellency. With your leave

The servant exits the chamber and the Governor moves over to a table on which a map of the island is laid out

GOVERNOR FITZWILLIAM: Now Major show me on this map where the Blue Hills are and where the most recent attacks have taken place

MAJOR PARKS: As your Excellency pleases. These are the Blue Hills here and they are indeed a treacherous place with thick bushes and surrounded by swamps. They laid out with treacherous traps and dangers that protect these brigands. Only yesterday 20 of our troops tried to follow the rebels into the bushes and they were waiting for us in ambush and we were lucky to escape with only 3 of our men killed. It is a dangerous place indeed Excellency.

The attacks have affected just about every plantation on the island, east, west, north and south. Nowhere on this island is safe. The most recent attacks were here....

The Governor and Major Parks peer over the map as Parks points out the location on the attacks to the Governor

FADE

ACT 4
SCENE 1

Scene opens in a cave in the Blue Hills in the liberated zone controlled by Quarino and his growing army of Maroons. Quarino is holding a war council with Chike and his generals Moshe, Shango and Muta who has recently come from the island of Jamaica, where he had served with distinction in the Maroon army of Queen Nanny and who, upon being captured by the British was in the process of being exiled to enslavement in the Carolinas. He managed to escape when the ship transporting him docked in Nassau to take on cargo and provisions, finding his way to the Maroon community of the Blue Hills. He rose through the ranks of the fledgling Maroon army there displaying both courage and military leadership, demonstrating military genius in his strategic ambushing of militia patrols and in his strategic raids of the plantations of Nassau.

MOSHE: My brothers, my warriors made a raid on the Walker plantation in the east and we burnt the plantation to the ground and liberated 10 slaves. The militia came after us and tried to follow us here into Buluu Malima where brother Muta was waiting for them and put one serious beating on dem and kill 3 a dey soldiers. Dey don't dare come here because dey know we are waiting to wipe dem out if dey try.

SHANGO: At da same time my warriors raided da Stillwell plantation in da west and we free up 9 slaves after burning out da massah house. We captured food and supplies an I myself kill an overseer who was beating a slave trying to make him call a lump of shit on the ground Nanny. Him will never disrespect noble Queen Nanny again.

MUTA: I wish i was dere. Queen Nanny is a noble woman an I am proud dat I served under her. Dose wazungos dread her name dat is why dey trying to insult her blessed name so. Dey quaking wen dey hear her name. I should have been dere brother Shango. I am proud dat I served in her army an would have been with now in da free liberated zone in Jamaica if dey didn't capture me an try ship me off to da Carolinas in chains. Its my good fortune that I escaped wen da ship docked in Nassau an elder Chike

found me an brought me here to join you my noble bretheren here in the blessed Muluu Malima.

CHIKE: Well done my bretheren. We have da enemy on da run but we can't become too overconfident because da wazungos dem going soon bring more red coat soldiers to fight us. We have to be careful but we have to keep up da pressure. We have had success but now we have to plan a way fe drive dem into da sea ta feed shark. But we have to be careful. Brother Quarino. Here I am pleading with you to stop going around da place by yourself. You are leader of our soldiers an we can't afford to lose you. We need you brother.

QUARINO: Don't worry about me elder Chike. You know you are da wisest man in our community an if it wasn't for you I wouldn't be here. But da wazungo dem dread my name an I don't fear none of dem.

CHIKE: Just be careful brother Quarino we need you now more dan ever because we have da wazungos dem on da run.

QUARINO: I hear ya elder. But you are right we have dem on da run an we need to make sure we drive dem into da sea fe feed shark. Our attacks so far have been good but what we need now is one final assault on our enemies where we hit them all over the island at once. We must show no mercy. Kill da Governor first, then kill all da slave massas, every wazungo man. Show dem no mercy. Chop off da head of the monster and da monster must fall. Once da slave masters are gone all da black turncoat soldiers who been keeping da wazungos in power will join us and we will then rule dis island and forever end the nightmare of dese demons who have brought us into captivity.

I have such a plan. I have been travelling around da island laying da foundation. We have nuff support out dere. Its time we increase our pressure. We fe kill every white man on dis island and make dis island our free land, wid no more slavery and oppression. We have people on the plantations waiting for our signal to rise up an to wipe out da wazungos dem. We will attack on 3 fronts, Moshe in da east, Shango in da west an Muta an me leading an attack on the Governor and his militia encampment in da town. I going kill dis lousy Governor myself. I going to chop off his head and put it on one spike down by the dock where the wuzungos does come to dis island. When dey see it dey going turn round an leave because dey will know dat death awaiting dem if dey stay. We going to spare da women an children but wipe out every white man on dis island. Leave none alive so dat dere will never be any more slave on dis island.

Da wind blows from da east and da trees echo da sounds of freedom as dey are blown by the redeeming blast of our liberation. I would rather be dead an no more, leaving forever life's turmoils and tribulations rather dan living as a slave. Our creator fashioned our freedom from our birth and with every breath we should celebrate life as free men and never as slaves, knees unbowed and heads held high. My labour is my own and never again shall I toil in da sun for da slave massas dem.

Moshe, Shango, Muta and Chike cheer and chant "kill dem all" in support of Quarino's plan

CHIKE: Ya bring tears to my eyes noble Quarino. I knew from da first time I saw ya dat dis island would never be da same again. Ever since da pirates was driven out dis land da wazungo dem been bringing ship loads of man in chains to dis island. We have fe end dis evil. No man, woman or child should ever be slave and da wuzungos dem bring slavery everywhere dey go. Queen Nanny in Jamaica fighting dem now an it is time dat fe we ta free up all a da islands here in da Caribbean, from da Bahamas Islands to Hispanola, to Cuba, to Jamaica and to Barbados, we have fe drive dem out an end da madness even if we have fe kill every white man in da region. We are a people of love but ya can't love evil an if we haffie kill every white man on dis island den so be it. Spare da women an children but kill every white man. Drive dem in da sea fe feed shark. I salute ya my noble brother. Da time is now.

MOSHE: True words brother Chike, wipe dem out.

SHANGO: No more slavery in dis land. Kill dem all.

MUTA: Yes bretheren. Its music to my ears. Make dis land a free land. No more slave in dis land. We are a people of love but if we going ta end slavery, we have fe kill all a da wazungo man dem. Spare da woman an children dem but da wazungo man dem fe feed shark.

QUARINO: Here is how we going fe do it**.....**

All of the war council huddle together with anticipation as Quarino lays out his plan of action

FADE

SCENE 2

Scene opens at night on the yard of Michael Rolle behind his house as he and his friends Jacob Brown and Samuel Cooper huddle around a fire roasting fish in close conversation speaking in hushed tones

MICHAEL: Quarino coming around tonight an he going tell us about his plan. Him say we must rise up as one and run da wazungo dem out of dis land. Him say we must kill all da white man dem but spare da women an children dem. Him say dere will no more slavery on dis land an we all will be free.

JACOB: Wow. Dat is something hey. No more slavery in dis land. Dat is such a lovely thought. Even though we are suppose to be free, we just like slaves. I looking forward to meeting brother Quarino. He is great.

SAMUEL: Have yinna lost ya minds. Kill all a da white man dem? Dat is foolishness. If dey know we talking about dis now dey will torture an kill us an our family dem. I ain't no part of dis. I leaving youall right here right now. I ain't part a dis crazyness. No not me. I ain't staying here fe make no plan wid Quarino. I am leaving youall here tonight. Brother Jacob you should leave wid me now. Don't be part a dis nonsense. Come make we go now.

Samuel gets up to leave but Jacob does not join him.

JACOB: Leave if you want my friend. You seem like you love da wuzungo dem so go. You love being treated like dog by dem. Go because here tonight we reasoning about freedom and an end to slavery. So if you love our oppressors so much you should leave.

Samuel sucks his teeth and leaves

MICHAEL: Let him go. Dis a time fe separate wheat from chaff. We don't need no negative thoughts here tonight. We talking about freedom and an end to slavery on dis island. Brother Samuel is our friend but him don't want fe be free. Tonight is about freedom brethren an Quarino is a great man and our liberator. We honoured fe have him here tonight.

JACOB: Yes me bretheren Quarino is great. Me love da man. Him is so right its time fe end slavery on dis island even if we have to kill all a da white man dem.

Quarino enters the yard as Michael and Jacob get up and embrace him warmly

FADE

SCENE 3

Scene opens on the Peters plantation where Geoffrey Peters is having dinner with his guests, Mr Roger Walker whose plantation was destroyed by Moshe and Mr Benjamin Stillwell who had his home burnt to the ground by Shango.

PETERS: We are not safe in our own homes. Quarino and his band of rebels are causing havoc on this island. No one is safe as long as he is alive.

WALKER: You are so right my friend. Those savages burnt my entire plantation to the ground. I was lucky to escape alive with my family. I am sure they would have killed all of us if they had caught us. 10 of my niggah

slaves left with them and joined their savage band. None of us are safe on this as long as that savage Quarino is alive.

STILLWELL: Ahh it is horrible on this island. I had to flee my plantation as I watched my house burn in flames. I don't feel safe anymore and i agree as long as that niggah Quarino is alive. 9 of my niggahs escaped to join his band of savages. I don't feel safe. What is the Governor doing? His militia is always turning up after the damage has been done and those savages have escaped to the safety of the Blue Hills.

PETERS: I tried to see the Governor yesterday but he wouldn't see me and I went today and he still wouldn't see me. The man owes me money for the sheep he bought from me and refuses to pay. He has no honour and I don't think he has a clue about how to protect us from Quarino. I am worried because I don't trust my own niggahs. They may well join up with Quarino as your niggahs have done. None of us is safe. I think they mean to kill all white people on this island.

Both of you should come with me tomorrow to see the Governor because he surely can't refuse to see the three of us. Lets lay our concerns before him and see what plans he has to protect us. And maybe, just maybe, he will pay me the money he owes me but I won't hold my breath for that.

WALKER: I certainly will come with you and see what he has to say. If he can't protect us then we should petition the Crown to dismiss him and appoint someone competent to protect us to replace him as Governor.

STILLWELL: Most certainly, I will come with you. We need to know how he is going to protect us and return commerce to this island.

PETERS: Right, we will go together and that skinflint had better see us or we will indeed have to petition the Crown to replace him with someone who will protect us and restore commerce to the island.

That is settled then so come, have a taste of this nice port I picked up from the dock yesterday in the town. It is really delightful.

FADE

ACT 5
SCENE 1

Scene opens on a road a mile from the Blue Hills. A contingent of 10 men, led by Sergeant Major Mason, from the militia are laying in wait, having been informed that Quarino was about to leave the Blue Hills in one of his excursions to visit the community of freed black people. Mason is putting his men in strategic locations along the road and giving instructions to Lance Corporal Dixon about the plan to capture Quarino.

MASON: Now I want everyone out of sight and no one is to make a move until i give the word. Make sure that the men understand this. Quarino is a very dangerous niggah and if we are not careful in laying this trap we may well suffer many losses today. Everything must go to plan.

DIXON: Yes Sergeant. I understand. It will be done as you command.

Dixon goes about following his instructions and making sure that the men are out of sight

DIXON: Sergeant Major the men are in place waiting for your command as you instructed. But can i ask a question please? Why all this for one niggah. Surely we don't need 10 men to capture one rogue niggah. I feel we could capture him with 2 men at most.

MASON: This is no ordinary man. He is a shrewed and capable commander of his men and has been very deadly whenever confronted by His Majesty's militia. He is strong and heed my words, a most dangerous individual. I can assure you that we would never be able to capture him with 3 men. I would have preferred that we had more men. At least 20.

Now I want you to hide behind those trees over there and when I give the word make sure your men seize him and put him under restraint immediately and do so with the utmost caution or we will lose more than one man today. We have no margin for error here today. Now go and hide behind those trees and wait for my command.

DIXON: Yes Sergeant Major. As you command.

Dixon goes and crouches behind the trees as commanded by Mason, waiting with anticipation for the approach of Quarino

MASON: There he is. Seize him now

As Quarino approaches, the men waiting in ambush, jump out of their hiding spots and surround him. Dixon and 2 of the soldiers grab him, attempting to put him under restraint. In an instant, Quarino shakes them off and drawing his cutlass begins to swing it at his captors. The first blow strikes Dixon and as he falls to the ground the blade strikes again and again as Quarino furiously tries to evade his capture. Eventually, he is overwhelmed and disarmed. Laying crumpled on the ground beside him are Dixon and 2 of the soldiers killed by Quarino as he attempted to evade his captors.

MASON: Hold him close and bind him tightly with those chains. We have already lost 3 men. I don't want to lose anymore. This is a dangerous man so bind him well.

As the soldiers bind Quarino in chains and march him offstage, Mason comes to the edge of the stage talking to himself

MASON: Poor Dixon. I told him to be careful. That Quarino is a most awesome man. With 10 men surrounding him he fought like a caged animal trying to escape and now 3 men lay on the ground their lives snatched away from them with a few swift blows struck like lightening. Poor Dixon.

Mason walks offstage with his head hung low grieving for the loss of Dixon and the other soldiers struck down by Quarino.

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FADE

SCENE 2

The scene opens in the temporary official residence of Governor Fitzwilliam as the Governor and Major Parks are receiving a report from Sergeant Major Mason about the capture of Quarino.

MASON: Your Excellency, we have captured Quarino and he is now secured in chains. We received information that Quarino was going into the free coloured community to incite them to join his band of outlaws in creating havoc and violence. Accordingly, I was ordered to take a detail of 10 men to discretely lay in wait for him at the entrance to the Blue Hill bushes. As he emerged my men laid hold of him. However, he resisted furiously and 3 of our militia were struck down with the forceful blows of his cutlass, including the brave Corporal Dixon whose head was almost severed with a single blow of the fearsome Quarino.

GOVERNOR FITZWILLIAM: Major Parks I want you double the guard on this animal. I want him whipped on the hour and give him neither food nor water. I will make an example of this evil niggah and wipe out this rebellion. I want you to ensure that he be subjected to the most brutal of tortures, including castration. Show no mercy to him. Make sure we get the precise details of this plot against us so that we can nip it in the bud.

MAJOR PARKS: As your Excellency pleases. We shall take your leave and I shall return presently to advise you of our progress.

GOVERNOR FITZWILLIAM: You have my leave and I shall await your return anticipating that this Quarino is crying out for mercy and that none is being shown.

Major Parks and Sergeant Mason bow and exit

FADE

SCENE 3

The scene opens in the temporary official residence of Governor Fitzwilliam as the Governor is receiving a report from Major Parks

MAJOR PARKS: Excellency, Quarino has been lashed on the hour and subjected to constant tortures including burning and castration. He remained defiant to the end and never once uttered a single word revealing the details of his plot nor the name of his co-conspirators. We have nevertheless conducted further inquiries with plantation owners and others and we have discovered strong rumours that a plot exisits, devised in the mind of Quarino and his cohorts, to raise an island wide insurrection to kill every white man including your Excellency and with that in mind we rounded up some 20 niggahs who live in the free coloured quarters over the hill and a similar number of slaves from the plantations. We have interrogated them all with vigour. They have all been subjected to constant whipping and torture yet not one would confess their involvement in this dire plot to wipe us off the face of this island.

Governor Fitzwilliam is visibly shaken

GOVERNOR FITZWILLIAM: I want Quarino tortured again, hanged and quartered immediately. Make sure that he suffers before he dies. Hang the remains at the entrance to the free niggah community so the message may go out that there will be no mercy shown for anyone to be complicit in this dastardly plot. Leave his body there until every niggah in that community can smell his rotting flesh. Then scatter his remains in secret locations. I want no memory of this savage and that his name be wiped out of history.

Whip those you have rounded up on the hour and make arrangements for them all to be transported off this island and out of the colony. I want you to place your troops on vigilant alert and increase patrols on the plantations. Double the guard here on my residence. Make sure that I am secure. We are in a state of emergency and we have to make sure that all niggahs slave and free are put in their rightful place and that never again will anyone of them dare to contemplate laying hands on a white man. They must be placed under the heavy hand of our imperial white justice. I will

presently draft a communication to the secretary of state for the southern department and His Majesty's board of trade and plantations to let them know that we have uncovered this plot and that we have taken the matter in hand with firm resolve.

MAJOR PARKS: As your Excellency commands. With your leave I shall go and immediately follow your instructions and shall advise of progress shortly.

Major Parks bows and leaves the chamber. Governor Fitzwilliams turns towards his aide de camp and beckons him forward with the wave of his hand

GOVERNOR FITZWILLIAM: Come and take a letter for me to the Secretary of State for the Southern Department and His Majesty's Board of Trade and Plantations....

FADE

SCENE 4

Scene opens in the free coloured community over the hill in Nassau where Mary, Louise and Jemima are huddled around a fire in the yard behind Jamima's home.

JEMIMA: Dey came and got our man and lock dem up a month ago and dey won't let us see dem. I so worried. Me don't know what to do. Now I hear dey going ship dem off de island and me ain't going see dem no more. What I going do? How I going to live without Michael? What we going do? How you going make it without Samuel Mary? And you without Jacob Louise? We can't even see our man dem fe talk ta dem. An I hear dey been whipping an beating dem bad. What we going do?

MARY: I can't sleep Jemima. I hear dey beat dem bad for real. Jemima, is Michael cause dis. He did have Quarino in your yard all da time an my Samuel did tell me no good coulda come from dat. An Jacob just as bad encouraging Michael all da time. Yes Samuel did tell me something bad was going happen. Now dey shipping all a dem off de island an we ain't going see dem no more. What I going do?

LOUISE: Mary shut ya mouth. Is Samuel loose lips dat cause dem get lock up. He talk too much. He cause our man dem fe lock up an now we ain't going see dem no more. What a tribulation.

MARY: Don't say nuthing bout my Samuel. He did warn dem bout Quarino but dem never did listen to him. Now we can even go to market fe make a living. Dey shut down da market an ban us from going into town fe sell our crops dem an tings getting tougher.

JEMIMA: an being stuck here all day smelling Quarino rotting flesh ain't nice at all. Da whole place stink up. Dey just take down his body today. Oh my lord dey do him bad. Dese some evil wuzungo? How dey could do his body like dat. I worried about my Michael cause dey accuse our boys a working with Quarino and planning fe kill white people and das why dey did beat dem so bad. I praying dey didn't chap his body an hang him body round here like dey did do Quarino. Mary don't you say noting bout my man cause your samuel does talk too much wen he does get drunk. Is him who bring down dis tribulation pon our man dem. I so worried cause now dey going send dem away an we ain't going see dem no more. I going now fe see if i can see my man. I can't take it no more. I have fe see him. Youall

might as well come wid me one more time fe see if we can see our man dem. Come Mary, come Louise let we go now before dey send our man dem away so we can see dem one more time.

Jemima, Mary and Louise get up move off the stage slowly with worried looks on their faces.

FADE

ACT 6
SCENE 1

Scene opens in Ras Bongo Natty's prison cell on death row. A priest has come to pray with Ras Bongo Natty as he is due to be executed by hanging in a few hours

PRIEST: My son come let us pray that god may forgive your sins...

RAS BONGO NATTY: Man don't play wid my mind. I give thanks and praises only to His Imperial Majesty The Most High Jah Rastafari Selah so me no want you fe come tell me bout no other god cause is Jah I serve and if I must die let it not be on my knees praying to Babylon abomination. Come make dem come get me and end dis now because me fear no evil and when your death comes to get me I will be singing the praises of my Jah and Creator and praying for a fiyah of Jah justice to burn down your Babylon shitstem.

When Quarino did get captured and thrown into captivity him never surrender him soul and to da very end him did call for more fiyah fe burn down Babylon. Death has no hold on me and I refuse to be like you and all da living dead. Come for me now and take me to my ancestors because I man prefer to die in my grave dan live in this iration as a puppet or a slave. Come join me in dis my prayers for mighty jah divine justice as I face your Babylonian injustice.

Oh Jah Most High, bring down more fiyah pon dis unjust shitstem. Jah see and know all things and Jah know I am innocent of da false charges dat I been accused of. Come to me oh Jah and lift me out a dis evil abomination and let thy justice flow like a mighty river into da sea of your loving righteousness an freedom. Let me go wid my head held high as brother Quarino did do even though dey did brutalize, tortIre an oppress him wid no mercy. Take me away from dis land of sinking sand an let me go to join noble Quarino an all a my ancestors.

PRIEST: My son i will pray for your soul anyway. there is a life after this one and heaven awaits those who seek the forgiveness of my God..

RAS BONGO NATTY: Listen man hear me good once an for all. If your heaven is where my oppressors long to be den me don't want join dem dere. Keep your god and your Babylonian heaven. I man wan fe go a

Mount Zion the land where our Jah loves to be. Like my ancestor Quarino I go with my head held high wanting nothing fe do wid dis Babylon shitstem. My heart and soul in da hands of my Lord and Creator, Holy Immanuel I Emperor Haile I Selassie I Jah Rastafari, Selah an if I man must die let it be with his blessed name on my lips. Jahhh Raastaaafari, Selah.

Prison guards enter the cell and handcuff Ras Bongo Natty and lead him out of the cell

RAS BONGO NATTY: Jah Rastafari Most High let me go with courage and no fear like noble Quarino wen him did go. Come let we get dis over and know dat my Jah is da King of Creation and when his judgement come, not even the dog dat pisses on da wall of Babylon shall escape the dispensation of his divine justice. Jah is my light and my salvation whom shall I man fear? Yeah though I man walk in da valley of da shadow of death I man fear no evil. Fiyah bun! More fiyah! More fiyah pon Babylon Jah! Pour on oil make it hottah!

Priest follows Ras Bongo Natty reading from his bible

PRIEST: So will it be with the resurrection of the dead. The body that is sown is perishable, it is raised imperishable; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; and it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. If there is a natural body, there is also a spiritual body....

FADE

SCENE 2 (EPILOG)

Scene opens with Quarino, Pompey, Toussaint and Queen Nanny surrounding Ras Bongo Natty's body laid out out on the floor. Bob Marley's 400 Years is playing in the background

QUARINO: 400 years and still my people dem can't or don't want to see. Here my brothers an sistah, is another of our fallen children sacrificed for a false system dat been oppressing our people dem from den to now. Look how dey have abused and punished him and how he lays on da ground before us. Another of our children dem bretheren. How many more will have fe suffer, how many more have fe die? Was my death an pain all in vain? What did we sacrifice for my brothers and dear sistah? Has it come to dis dat our people claim to be free but still slaves trapped on mental plantations an serving da same system a oppression dat did enslave us so long, long, long, ago. Why my brothers an beloved sistah, why? How is it dat de chains on dey feet are gone yet dey still serving da slave masters so?

POMPEY: Dey lash my body wid dey cruel whips and try fe keep us down and take our land from we but we did stand firm on da ground bought wid our blood, sweat and tears and refused to bow until dey had fe give dat land to we. Yet still our people dem don't want fe be free from da bondage of inequality. But dis ting go wid sense brother Quarino. You were one of da first in dis Bahamaland fe make a stand and fe rise up against dis slavery and you did inspire all of our people in dis ongoing struggle fe make dem free. If it take another 400 hundred years we will continue fe struggle until dat blessed time when all of we are free

TOUSSAINT: Yes beloved brother Quarino you did not sacrifice in vain because you an Queen Mother Nanny also inspired me and my brothers in Hayiti fe uprise and fight da French, Spanish and British, all three until we run dem out of our land an built on your blessed dream a liberty. Each generation is lifted by the other an so our struggle continues until all our people are free. Dis is our sacred dream a liberty.

QUARINO: But look brother Toussaint how your beloved Hayiti has been brought so low and da people bound in economic captivity. All a da

sacrifice and da blood sweat and tears, yet da slavemasters dem still won't let our people be free. It seem like as if da more tings change da more dey does stay da same because our people dem still ain't free. And brother Pompey all ya scrifice fa da land and so many of our people dem in Bahamland are landless an disempowered with no way fe escape da mental plantation where they are bound in economic captivity. 400 years an still our people dem are not free. What does it take fe liberate our people from da bonds of dey captivity? Tell me please Queen Mother Nanny, mighty Queen of da noble Maroons, because it was you dat did inspire me. What does it take to set our people dem free?

QUEEN NANNY: Here is da ting our people have been enslaved long time and no one said da journey ta freedom was an easy one you see. If it take another 400 years we have fe struggle again and again until we liberate our people from dey mental chains dat holding dem in captivity. Each one is a brother an sistah to de other and da ancestral realm is here for all our people to see. Quarino dey did try fe wipe out your name but dey could never kill your noble dream. No brother Quarino you did not sacrifice in vain because like our beloved brother young Ras Bongo Natty laid out on da floor in front of we, da people dem does continue to struggle fe sweet liberty. Like you brother Quarino, held in captivity, beaten, tortured and killed, Ras Bongo Natty preferred death to slavery. No my beloved brother Quarino, you did not die in vain. Because of your example of sacrifice our people continue to struggle and continue to fight until dat blessed day wen all our people dem are free.

Queen Nanny bends down and takes the hand of Ras Bongo Natty, lifting him up

QUEEN NANNY: Come dear brother Ras rise up with me. Your suffering is over and here you are free. Come join our ancestral realm, with our brothers Quarino, Pompey Toussaint an all of our brothers and sistahs who have paid the ultimate sacrifice for their dream ta be free. Dry up your tears, because here you shall shine in our ancestral universe, a bright light and example for our people to see dat dey must continue da struggle fe be free. Come my brother, come and walk into our ancestral realm wid me.

QUARINO: Come Ras Natty welcome ta we ancestral realm. Come take ya rightful place and leave ya life a captivity and oppression behind. Come shed a tear for we people but rejoice dat in death ya have found freedom

because death is freedom compared wid da sad reality dat many a we people are suffering in captivity and bondage. Come me brethren da ancestors await because one of we sons has come fe join us fe eternity. Death has no hold wen da soul is free

Ras Bongo Natty gets up holding the hand of Queen Nanny as she leads him off the stage followed by Pompey, Toussaint and Quarino

FADE

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